

It was a sunny morning, birds chirping all over the streets as the snow settled in, showing signs of early summer. Despite the chill in the air, the kindergarten and nursery were bustling with life. Small kids could be seen playing outside on the school playgrounds, their laughter echoing through the crisp air.

In one corner, a group of toddlers were riding colorful seesaws, their faces lighting up with joy as they went up and down. Nearby, a line of children eagerly waited their turn to slide down the little slides, their giggles filling the air as they zoomed down.



In the distance, a boy with medium-sized messy hair could be seen sitting all alone on a bench nearby, eating his lunch. At that time, I was just 5 years old, having fun around the playground. Everything was going perfectly until I saw these two kids from the upper classes snatching away the lunchbox of the messy-haired boy. They were

tall and looked strong, but surprisingly, that did not scare the boy with messy hair one bit.

He stood up, and I could feel the anger in his face ready to burst. His eyes narrowed, and his fists clenched tightly. Without hesitation, he threw a punch at the tall boy to his side, right on his face. The tall guy flinched in surprise, his hand instinctively reaching up to his face. Quickly, he grabbed hold of the messy-haired boy's hand, twisting it painfully. The other kid, seizing the opportunity, delivered a short punch to the boy's gut, causing him to double over in pain.

But the messy-haired boy did not stop. With his other free hand, he grabbed the hair of the second kid and started pulling it with all the force he could muster. The kid yelled in pain, trying to free himself from the boy's grip. Seeing this, the tall boy at his side grabbed the neck of the messy-haired boy and started pushing him backward in anger. The boy stumbled but managed to keep his balance, his eyes blazing with determination.



That was it for me. I could have helped him, but I was too scared of what might happen to me. Fear gripped me, and I decided to follow the rules and do the only thing I thought was right at that moment. I ran, I ran towards one of the teachers, my heart pounding in my chest, asking them to come to the spot quickly as there were bullies.

When we reached the spot, we saw the messy-haired boy sitting atop one of the tall guys, squeezing his neck as he lay there on the ground, trying to push himself away. The other guy was grabbing hold of the messy-haired boy by his arms around his neck, trying to pull him away.

The teachers nearby quickly intervened, pushing them away from one another as I stood in the middle, explaining the situation to them. All of them had bruises and dirt over their bodies, evidence of the intense struggle. After that, we were all taken to the principal's office, and our parents were called. The two tall guys received a minor scolding, and soon we were back to our daily routine.

As the school day ended, I stepped outside, feeling a mix of relief and guilt. To my surprise, I saw the messy-haired boy waving at me with a smile. His face was bruised, but his spirit seemed unbroken



"Did... did you call the teachers?" he asked me as I moved closer, his voice trembling slightly.

"Ah... Umm... Yes, I did. I couldn't let those guys bully you, right? They could hurt you," I replied, my voice wavering with uncertainty.

"Ha... Hahaha... Thank you! That was so nice of you, but you didn't have to do that. I could have easily handled them on my own," he said, a hint of pride in his voice.

"No way! Did you look at their size? Who do you think you are? The Sentinel?" I exclaimed, my eyes wide with disbelief.

"OMG!!! DO YOU KNOW THE SENTINEL!!!???" he shouted, his face lighting up with excitement.

"Yeah, I mean, who doesn't? He is the strongest superhero, hahaha," I said, laughing along with him.

"Yes, I know, right!!! He's my role model! I want to be like him when I grow up!!!" he declared, his eyes shining with determination.

"Wow, you too??? Haha, that's great to know... Now you know why I had to call the teachers? Justice, as he said, we must always follow the law and order. We are neither the judge nor the jury," I explained, feeling a sense of camaraderie.

"Yeah, but for how long are you willing to sacrifice something that you love, just to get the verdict from the authorities? Had I run away from them, they would have taken my lunchbox, and fearing the teachers, they would have run away. Even if you did find them after that, what is stopping them from denying the claim altogether? Then what will happen? They will again do the same thing to some other kid until they are caught... What then?" he questioned, his voice filled with conviction.

"Yeah, I guess you are kind of right..." I admitted, feeling a pang of guilt.

"As I said, I wanted to be like The Sentinel... not him entirely, but like him... And for me, protecting the things I love is what's more important to me. Anybody who tries to disrupt that will have to pay!" he said, his voice firm and resolute.

"Ha-ha, you are so much fun. What is your name? Mine is Eric," I said, extending my hand.

"Hi Eric... I am... Ahnaf..." he replied, shaking my hand with a smile.

He looked at me and smiled. That was the first time I met Ahnaf, and it was the beginning of our friendship. He believed in action rather than order, the kind of guy who would take a leap of faith without giving a second thought. The values that he believed in are still something that he follows now, well, I guess not now anymore...



When my eyes opened, all I could see was a dimly lit dark room with a table in front of me. The walls were grey, and a large mirror covered half of the wall to my right. Beyond the table stood the same man in black, covered in a mask and a hoodie, looking at me intently—the same man who shot Ahnaf. He leaned in closer and asked, his voice cold and menacing.

"So, what are you, Mr. Eric?"

I felt a surge of rage. "I ain't answering your damn questions, you piece of shit! You killed my friend!!!"

"Wrong answer," he said calmly, tapping a button on the table. Electricity surged through my chair, shocking me.

"Agggghhh Fu-... Alright, alright, I'll tell, I'll tell!!!" I screamed, the pain unbearable.

"So, what are you again?" he repeated, his eyes narrowing.

"I don't know, a superhero perhaps?" I replied, my voice trembling.

"Haha, is that what you guys think? Well then... tell me, how did you get these so-called superpowers???" he demanded, his tone mocking.

"I don't know, really, I don't!!! I just happened to develop it suddenly," I stammered, trying to catch my breath.

"Date and time, please," he insisted, his gaze piercing.

"Probably by the end of September of 2018," I said, my mind racing.

"Again... Date and time, specifically," he pressed, his patience wearing thin.

"Alright, alright, it must be around the 24th of September, in the evening at 6 pm," I admitted, my voice shaking.

"Hmm... okay... and what did you do with it?" he asked, leaning back slightly.

"I did... well, the superhero stuff. Stopped bank robberies, stopped criminals, the usual superhero stuff," I replied, trying to sound confident.

"Was robbing the Leeds National Vault one of your superhero stuffs as well?" he asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm.



"Look, I don't know what you have heard, but we only went there to get the necessary documents to put an end to the Heartlands. And my man, why are you here now? Why is the government here now of all times? Where were you when the people of our city were under the hands of Heartland? Where were YOU when Ahnaf's family

was getting blackmailed by those mobs? Huh! Where were you!" I shouted, my voice filled with frustration and anger.

"Cleaning your mess..." he replied coldly.

"Huh," I muttered, taken aback.

"You think blood magically disappears from the floor? Or do you think every piece of clothing, no matter how small, won't lead right to your door? Do you think 21st-century technology is so backdated that you cannot be traced by the mess you have made? The fingerprints, the shoe brand, the cloth straps—we all knew who you were and where you were since the day you killed all those bikers. And no need to explain to me why you did it because we also know why. Which is why we did not take any actions against you right then and there," he explained, his voice dripping with disdain.

I was flabbergasted. No way had I ever thought that even the smallest of details would lead them to me. My mind raced, trying to process the gravity of the situation. The realization that they had been watching me all along sent a chill down my spine. I had underestimated their capabilities, and now I was paying the price.

"So... Why intervene now?" I asked, my voice filled with frustration and confusion.

"Since the last few decades, ever since people in the USA started developing powers after the pink fog incident, superheroes have somewhat become a symbol of power. Anybody who has a

superhuman in their midst would have immense control over political meetings, and unfortunately, the USA is the only country in the world that has that. For example, look at The Sentinel. His entire existence has become an anomaly. Someone could throw a nuke at him, and he would be unscathed. A country housing a power like that—do you think if they start demanding something from other countries, any of us would have the leverage to deny?" he explained, his tone cold and calculating.

"But The Sentinel is a symbol of hope, of justice... He doesn't care about all this political stuff. He is there, he is always there wherever he is needed, regardless of the borders," I argued, trying to defend my hero.

"And that's where you are naive. He does that exactly to show how powerful he is to every other country in this world. That's how he brings fear to all the government leaders. Yes, he does save people from earthquakes, burning buildings, robberies, etc. But do you know that actually, he is the one causing it?" he said, his voice dripping with disdain.

"What??? What do you mean??" I asked, my mind reeling from the revelation.

"Avalanches in Nepal... no, that is caused by a whole different entity. Moving on, earthquakes in China, forest fires in the Amazon, armed robberies with high-tech equipment in Mexico. How is it possible that things like these keep happening every single year,

and only The Sentinel is there to save people? There are disasters, there are crimes, which is why the USA must create one every single year to make sure The Sentinel can show his power. We have all the proof, but I fear what is going to happen if we share it publicly," he explained, his voice steady and unwavering.

I was stunned. The idea that The Sentinel, a symbol of hope and justice, could be involved in causing the very disasters he was known for stopping was beyond comprehension. My mind raced, trying to process the implications of what I had just heard. If this was true, everything I believed in was a lie. The government, the superheroes, the very fabric of our society—it was all built on deception and manipulation.

"Why would they do that?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Power, control, influence. By creating these disasters and having The Sentinel save the day, they maintain their grip on power. They show the world that they are indispensable, that without them, chaos would reign. It's a carefully crafted illusion, and you, like many others, have fallen for it," he said, his eyes boring into mine.



I felt a wave of despair wash over me. The truth was more horrifying than I could have ever imagined.

"So, what do you want from us?" I asked, my voice filled with a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

"We let you run wild because we wanted the news to cover you and have you guys become some sort of power symbol for us. But the situation right now transcends politics. It is about the guy your friend Ahnaf fought... Khan. We believe that he is an extraterrestrial entity with motives unknown to us, but nonetheless, we must stop him. The Sentinel tried to kill him a decade ago, but I don't know how he is still alive. We can't let him meet with The Sentinel. You remember the destruction that was caused in New York when they fought, right?" he explained, his tone grave.

"That entity that Sentinel was fighting was Khan?" I asked, my eyes widening in shock.

"Exactly... Let me give you a rundown of what occurred just so you can understand the sheer scale of the situation," he said, leaning in closer.



The year was 1995. Pink fog surrounded the wide metropolitan jungle of New York City. The streets were empty, with no soul around. Everyone had their doors shut, with thin plastics covering the windows and doors. People cowered in fear of the unknown fog.

And then suddenly, right in the middle of the city, there was a loud bang. An entire skyscraper completely collapsed. As it slowly fell down bit by bit, something from the inside could be seen moving its way up, floor by floor, crashing and destroying one level after another. Then it emerged—a tall, large, muscular man wearing a mask, jumping high into the sky, holding what seemed to be a man in a grey outfit with a cape by the neck. It was Khan, and the one he was holding by the neck was Sentinel. It was the first time he was seen.

From atop the sky, Khan started descending to the ground. With a young Sentinel in his hand, he held his hand forward and dove down to the nearby buildings, crashing into one structure after another. Small, big, obliterating everything in his path. Dust and smoke covered all of them, broken structures lay waste around them.

The destruction was immense. Buildings crumbled like sandcastles, their steel frames twisted and shattered. Glass windows exploded into a million shards, raining down like deadly confetti. Cars were tossed aside like toys, their metal bodies crumpled and mangled. Streets cracked and buckled under the force of their impact, creating deep fissures that snaked through the city.

As Khan and Sentinel continued their battle, the devastation spread. Entire blocks were reduced to rubble, with fires breaking out in the wreckage. The air was thick with smoke and the acrid smell of burning debris. The once-bustling city was now a war zone, with the

sounds of collapsing buildings and the cries of terrified citizens echoing through the chaos.

Khan's relentless assault left a trail of destruction in its wake. He hurled Sentinel through walls, sending shockwaves that rippled through the surrounding structures. Each collision caused more damage, as buildings toppled like dominoes. The ground shook with every impact, and the city's skyline was forever altered by the sheer force of their clash.

Amidst the chaos, Sentinel fought back with all his might. He used his superhuman strength and speed, delivering powerful punches and blows to Khan. His fists collided with Khan's body, creating shockwaves that reverberated through the city. The battle raged on, leaving a path of ruin and despair in its wake. The city of New York, once a symbol of progress and resilience, now lay in ruins, a testament to the destructive power of these two titans.



And then suddenly, Sentinel punched Khan in the eyes with all his might, causing Khan to release his grip on Sentinel's neck and stumble back in pain. Without wasting any time, Sentinel moved forward, jumping and diving right at Khan. With all his force, he pushed Khan to the ground, holding him tightly in a lock with his hands around Khan's waist.

Summoning all his strength, Sentinel took flight, lifting Khan off the ground. He flew up, holding Khan tightly, and then crashed down, flying forward as fast as he could—probably around 200 mph. The sheer speed and force of their movement caused the ground to erode wherever they went, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. Buildings and streets were torn apart as Sentinel dragged Khan along the ground, determined to subdue the powerful extraterrestrial entity.



But then Khan came back to his senses, his eyes blazing with fury. With a roar, he lifted both his arms and slammed them down onto Sentinel's back with immense force. The impact was so powerful that it sent shockwaves through the ground, causing Sentinel to crash down immediately. The ground beneath him cracked and shattered, creating a massive crater.

Khan, now free from Sentinel's grip, was flung off by the sheer force of his own attack. He hurtled through the air, crashing into a nearby building with such force that the entire structure began to collapse. The building's steel beams twisted and snapped, and the walls crumbled into a cloud of dust and debris. The sound of the building breaking apart echoed through the city, a testament to the sheer power of their clash.

As the building fell in on Khan, the ground shook violently, sending tremors through the surrounding area. Sentinel, struggling to regain his footing, watched as the debris settled around Khan.



The Sentinel, now lying on the ground, slowly mustered up his strength and began to stand. His face and body were battered and bruised, his skin a painful shade of red. He stood up with his fists clenched, determination etched on his face. Around him lay a massive crater, a testament to the sheer force of their battle. In the

distance, he could hear the cries of thousands of people, their voices filled with pain and desperation.

In front of him, he saw the debris of the building where Khan had crashed. Suddenly, with a giant crackling noise, the debris exploded outward, sending chunks of concrete and steel flying in all directions. Standing in the middle of the chaos was Khan, completely unscathed. His eyes locked onto Sentinel, a smirk playing on his lips.

Sentinel, undeterred, moved his hand back and flew straight at Khan, his speed blurring his form. With all his might, he threw a massive punch at Khan. The force of the punch created a shockwave that rippled through the air, shattering nearby windows and sending debris flying. But Khan, with seemingly effortless strength, blocked the punch with his left palm, as if it were nothing.

The Sentinel hovered in the air, his fist pressed against Khan's palm. The ground beneath them trembled from the sheer power of their clash. Khan looked at him, his expression one of disdain and amusement.

"Is this... all?" Khan spoke, his voice echoing through the devastated city.

The Sentinel's eyes widened in shock and frustration. He could feel the immense power radiating from Khan, a power that seemed insurmountable. The weight of the situation pressed down on him, but he knew he couldn't give up. The cries of the people, the

destruction around him, and the memory of those he had sworn to protect fueled his resolve.

With a roar, Sentinel pushed against Khan's palm, trying to break through his defense. The air crackled with energy as their powers clashed, creating a blinding light that illuminated the ruins of the city. The ground beneath them continued to shake, and the remaining buildings trembled, on the verge of collapse.



Then, with a swift and powerful motion, Khan punched Sentinel straight in the chest, sending him blasting away through the air. The force of the punch created a shockwave that rippled through the city, shattering windows and causing nearby buildings to tremble.

Without wasting any time, Khan started running towards Sentinel, his speed and strength making the ground shake with each step.

Sentinel crash-landed below a towering skyscraper, the impact creating a massive crater in the ground. Dust and debris filled the air as he struggled to regain his bearings. Looking around, he saw the terrified faces of children inside the nearby building. Their eyes were wide with fear, and Sentinel knew he had to protect them.

Refusing to accept defeat, Sentinel stood up again, his fists clenched tightly. Blood trickled from his mouth and nose, but his resolve remained unbroken. In front of him, Khan was closing in, his eyes locked onto Sentinel with a predatory gaze.



But Khan was too fast for him. Swiftly, he moved beside Sentinel and delivered a powerful uppercut, sending Sentinel blasting upwards through the skyscraper. The force of the punch was so immense that Sentinel rammed through multiple floors, each impact causing the building to shudder and debris to rain down. Tragically, many who were in that spot were caught in the chaos, squashed by

Sentinel's uncontrollable ascent. The sickening sound of bodies being crushed echoed through the building, and every single person in Sentinel's path met a gruesome end.

As Sentinel blasted out of the top of the building, the structure groaned under the strain, its integrity compromised. Khan, relentless and unyielding, jumped high up beyond the skyscraper, his powerful legs propelling him into the sky. He caught up to Sentinel in mid-air, his eyes filled with a cold determination. Clasp ing both his hands together, Khan brought them down in a devastating hammer fist.

With a gigantic burst, the impact sent Sentinel hurtling back down through the skyscraper. The force of the blow was so powerful that Sentinel blasted through the building within a blink of an eye, creating a massive shockwave that rippled through the city. The skyscraper, already weakened, began to collapse, its steel beams twisting and snapping under the strain. Dust and debris filled the air as the once-towering structure crumbled to the ground, adding to the already immense destruction.



The skyscraper and all the buildings on the nearby block collapsed in a deafening roar. The sounds of screams for help, cries of pain, and whispers of fear ceased in an instant. Everything stopped with the blink of an eye, leaving an eerie silence in its wake. Sentinel lay on the ground, surrounded by the aftermath of the destruction.

Slowly, he stood up, his body aching and bruised. He found himself alone, all by himself amidst the devastation. Broken debris, dirt, and blood were scattered everywhere, painting a grim picture of the chaos that had unfolded. The air was thick with dust, and the once vibrant city was now a desolate wasteland.

In front of him, just a few feet away, stood Khan. The extraterrestrial entity looked unscathed, his eyes locked onto Sentinel with a cold, unyielding gaze. The two titans faced each other in the midst of the ruins, the weight of their battle hanging heavily in the air.

The Sentinel looked at Khan with burning rage in his eyes. Anger coursed through him, causing him to clench his fists with intense force. His eyes began to turn red, the veins around them becoming visible as the intensity of his fury grew. The air around him seemed to crackle with energy, and then, suddenly, his eyes started to glow.

With a blinding flash, a ray of red, laser-like energy gushed out from his eyes. The heat ray cut through the air with a searing intensity, illuminating the ruins around them. The ground beneath them scorched and cracked under the sheer power of the beam. The force of the heat ray was so immense that it created a shockwave, sending debris flying in all directions.



Khan, caught off guard by the sudden attack, raised his arms to shield himself. The heat ray struck him with full force, causing him to stagger back. The air around them sizzled and hissed as the energy beam continued to pour out of Sentinel's eyes, a manifestation of his unyielding rage and determination.

The scene was one of raw power and destruction. The once silent ruins were now filled with the sound of the heat ray's relentless assault. Sentinel's eyes blazed with fury, his resolve unwavering as he unleashed his full power on Khan.

Khan tried his best to block the heat ray, but it started to burst through his hands. Desperately, he ran around dodging the beam, but wherever Sentinel looked, the heat ray followed. The relentless energy beam tracked Khan's every move, scorching the ground and leaving a trail of destruction in its wake.

Sentinel, determined to end the battle, flew towards Khan, closing the gap between them. The heat ray landed on Khan's back, burning his skin and causing him to howl in pain. Sentinel then closed his eyes, trying to stop the beam as he moved closer. With a powerful motion, he threw a massive jab at Khan's back, sending him blasting away into the distance.

But Sentinel did not stop there. He pursued Khan relentlessly, throwing punch after punch. Each blow landed with devastating force, causing the very air around them to vibrate. The ground shook with the impact of each punch, and the surrounding buildings trembled as if they were about to collapse.

Sentinel, fueled by an unyielding determination, grabbed Khan by the shoulders and launched him into the sky. With a powerful leap, he followed, closing the distance between them. As they ascended,

Sentinel delivered a series of relentless punches, each one propelling Khan higher and higher.

First, they soared through the troposphere, the lowest layer of the atmosphere. The air around them grew thinner, and the ground below became a distant memory. Sentinel's fists collided with Khan's body, creating shockwaves that rippled through the sky. Each punch sent Khan hurtling upwards, the force of the blows echoing through the atmosphere.

Next, they entered the stratosphere. The temperature dropped, and the sky took on a darker hue. Sentinel's punches grew even more powerful, his determination unwavering. Khan's body was battered and bruised, but Sentinel showed no signs of stopping. The sheer force of their battle caused the air to shimmer and distort, a testament to the incredible power at play.

As they continued to ascend, they reached the mesosphere. The air was frigid, and the stars began to twinkle in the distance. Sentinel's punches were like thunderclaps, each one sending Khan higher into the sky. The mesosphere trembled under the impact of their clash, the very fabric of the atmosphere seeming to bend to their will.

Finally, they entered the thermosphere, the outermost layer of the atmosphere. The temperature soared, and the sky was a deep, inky black. Sentinel's punches were now like meteors, blazing with intensity. Each blow sent Khan hurtling further into the void, the

force of the punches creating shockwaves that reverberated through the thermosphere.



Then, with a fierce determination, Sentinel grabbed Khan by the neck and drove downwards, plummeting back towards the Earth. As they descended, Sentinel unleashed a barrage of powerful punches,

each one landing with a bone-crushing impact. Khan, seemingly powerless, lay there doing nothing as the relentless assault continued.

Sentinel's eyes began to glow once more, and he released his Heat Ray, the searing beams scoring Khan's chest. The intense speed of their descent caused the air around them to ignite, setting both of them ablaze. From the ground, it looked as if two comets were falling from the sky, their fiery trails illuminating the night.

The sheer force of their dive created a sonic boom, shattering windows and causing the ground to tremble. The heat from the flames scorched the air, leaving a trail of smoke and fire in their wake. The city below watched in awe and terror as the two titans hurtled towards the ground, their battle reaching its climax.



Sentinel closed the gap between him and Khan, his fist clenched and ready to deliver one final, devastating blow with all the strength he could muster. The air crackled with energy as he prepared to strike. But just as he was about to hit Khan, he missed. In a swift and unexpected move, Khan turned over and positioned himself on top of Sentinel.

With a thunderous crash, they slammed into the ground. The impact was cataclysmic, sending shockwaves rippling through the earth. The force of their collision created a massive crater, laying waste to everything within a mile radius. Buildings and structures, no matter how big or small, crumbled to the ground in an instant. The sound of the crash echoed like a deafening roar, and the ground shook violently as if a gigantic earthquake had struck.

The shockwave was so immense that it was felt throughout the nearby provinces. Windows shattered, trees were uprooted, and the very ground seemed to ripple from the force. The once-bustling city was now a scene of utter devastation, with dust and debris filling the air. The cries of the injured and the dying were drowned out by the sheer magnitude of the destruction.

A large crater, about 500 meters in radius, marked the impact zone. The ground was scorched and shattered, with debris scattered all around. In the center of the devastation stood the Sentinel, his body battered and bruised. The air was thick with dust and the acrid smell of burning debris. The once vibrant city was now a desolate wasteland, a testament to the incredible battle that had taken place. The cries of the injured and the dying echoed in the distance, a haunting reminder of the cost of their clash.

There, in the center of the crater, Sentinel stood alone, with Khan nowhere to be found.



That is what happened 23 years ago. Caused by only two superhuman beings fighting each other. Half of New York City was crushed to rubble back then. Now do you understand why we can't let it happen again?"

"But... I mean, that wasn't Sentinel's fault, right? He was trying to protect everyone. Khan was the only reason why it occurred. He stopped him then; he can stop him now."

"At what cost exactly? Sentinel has become far stronger now and more ruthless. He hungers for battle, he wants to face Khan, and if he faces him head-on, he will bring catastrophic disaster. This time, the destruction won't be city-level!"

"So let me get this straight. In short, you want to stop Khan. But how exactly? Sentinel tried and failed. What are we against him if even Sentinel failed? Who are we to challenge a GOD?"

"We are nobody, always have been nobody. But right now, we have somebody who could challenge Khan."

"Who? Me? Heheheh... I am just some guy who runs away from his problems... I am useless, I couldn't even save my friends. What are you eve—"

"Not you... and don't think so low of yourself," the man interrupted, his voice firm yet reassuring. "You have more potential than you realize."



"Then who... I know I can't... Who will face Khan?" I asked, my voice filled with uncertainty.

The man in black stood up, his movements deliberate and calm.
"Come with me," he said.

He walked up to me and took off my cuffs. Then, with a swift motion, he removed his mask, revealing himself to be none other than Ramsey.

"I assure you this is not a trap. For security reasons, I cannot reveal my real name to you. But you can still call me Ramsey," he said, his eyes steady and sincere.

"Wha... well... I have no other choice," I replied, feeling a mix of confusion and resignation.

I followed Ramsey through the open door and down a long corridor. The walls were lined with advanced technology, and the air hummed with the energy of the facility. At the end of the corridor stood a large gate. Ramsey positioned himself in front of it as it slowly opened.

"Eric... I welcome you to NEXUS, where the Superheroes are born!" he announced.

Beyond the gate lay a vast research facility. Multiple glass rooms housed dozens of scientists, each engrossed in their work with various high-tech equipment. In the middle of the facility was a large fountain, where staff members in lab coats sat and talked. Small and large mechanical robots moved about, carrying construction materials, while engineers worked in front of a massive computer, planning their next steps. It was an advanced research facility, buzzing with activity and innovation.

"Well, I see it alright, but where are the Superheroes?" I asked, my curiosity piqued.

"Good question, a very good one... Well, after years of research, only two seem to have been a success," Ramsey replied, his tone serious.

"What are you trying to say?" I asked, feeling a sense of impending revelation.

"Eric... what you are right now... We made you,"

